

# OCALA EVENING STAR

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## THURSDAY WAS A RECORD BREAKER FOR ATTENDANCE

Thanksgiving Day saw a record-breaking crowd at the fair. Most every one is agreed that the crowd was the best in many years, if not the largest ever seen in the fair grounds. Mr. J. K. Christian of McIntosh, said it was the largest crowd he had ever seen at a fair in Florida. As a matter of fact, Thursday was almost a state fair, for the attendance was from the most remote sections of the state and automobiles bearing tags from almost all of the counties of the state were here. In the large field in the northwest corner of the 40-acre fair grounds, a place of at least ten acres, there were hundreds of automobiles and horse drawn vehicles; in fact, it was a veritable "sea of autos." The crowd, at its greatest, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, was variously estimated at from five to fifteen thousand people, so widely do the ideas of a crowd differ in the minds of different men. We would place the crowd, conservatively, at between six and seven thousand. There were a great many free tickets, many attaches of the fair and shows, many season tickets and children under age, and the actual sale of tickets for the day at the gate, as reported by Mr. Albert Gerig, was 3958. The amount of money taken at the outer gate by Mr. Gerig was \$1516.50 and he checked up twenty-five cents over. The grand stand ticket sales amounted to \$402. The concession money and few season tickets sold at the office would probably run the total receipts up to \$2,000 for the day.

We have not heard of a single accident, collision or trouble of any kind in the handling of the vast crowd. It was a wise provision of the management to have all vehicles pass out of the grounds at the new gate opened in the western end of the grounds, instead of through the main entrance gate, as heretofore.

Henry Ford, the automobile manufacturer, says that he will take a peace expedition to Europe at his own expense in an attempt to end the war. He has chartered the Scandinavian liner Oscar II. and will invite the leading peace advocates from the United States and other neutral countries to make the trip. The sailing date has been fixed for December 4th. It is Mr. Ford's intention to hold a great peace conference at one of the European capitals. Here's hoping they won't put the entire bunch in jail.

Although he makes the Star shine bright, Friend Benjamin never stays out all night.  
—Tampa Tribune.

A dispatch from Pensacola says that John P. Stokes, ex-senator from Escambia county, and one of the most brilliant lawyers in Florida, will not be a candidate for re-election to the office of state attorney for his judicial district.

Editor Benjamin is looking for trouble. He announces that "the prettiest girl in Ocala will drive the silver spike completing the Ocala and Silver Springs railway."—Tampa Tribune.

Don't worry. They are not going to let us pick the girl.

One of the reasons why the Star didn't print a Thanksgiving editorial was that it thought everybody would be too busy being thankful to read it.

Every town and community in the county, we believe, was represented at the fair yesterday. The larger towns and many smaller places in adjoining counties sent a full quota and hundreds came from towns and cities much further away. The large crowd gave positive assurance that Marion has the foremost fair in the state.

After dinner yesterday, every good American was thankful. He was also turkeyful.

For a peach of a Thanksgiving edition, we refer you to the Orlando Reporter Star.

Dr. Thomas Thompson, an Ocala raised boy, but for a number of years one of Jacksonville's most successful physicians, came down yesterday afternoon to visit his mother and take a look at the fair. Dr. Thompson has been away from Ocala for almost ten years and there are now more strange than familiar faces to him on our streets. He says our fair is the talk of the state and has become one of Florida's permanent institutions.

Mr. E. T. Usher, a turpentine operator and farmer of the Suwannee river section, whose postoffice is at Janney, is in town visiting the fair. Mr. Usher was for a number of years a resident of Ocala.

## STATE OFFICIALS IN THE CITY

Among the pleased visitors to the fair are Commissioner of Agriculture McRae, one of Florida's most popular officials, and Superintendent of Instruction Sheats, probably the most hardworking and efficient men who ever filled the office.

Among the prominent people at the on Thanksgiving day was Mr. H. C. Lawton, of Hastings. Mr. Lawton has been in charge of the large farm of the Morven Park estate near Leesburg, Va., for some years, and is now farming demonstrator of St. John's county. During his stay here with Mrs. Lawton he is the guest of Mr. thony Farms.

Mr. Carter H. Dame state organizer for the Woodmen of the World, after spending several days at home attending the fair, left today for Hale, Alachua county, where he will tonight organize a Woodmen camp with at least twenty-five charter members.

Dr. A. B. Albritton and a part of other Wildwood citizens came yesterday to spend the day at the fair.

Dr. and Mrs. Pickett, Mr. James Fowler, Miss Anna Flower and Mr. and Mrs. Adison Pounds were among the Gainesville people at the fair yesterday.

Mr. Elmore Davidson, accompanied by Mrs. Davidson, and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Fussell, were among the Leesburg visitors to the big Marion county fair on Thanksgiving day.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Knight, Mr. A. M. Clemmens and C. Dan Whitfield came over from Palatka yesterday to spend Thanksgiving at the fair.

## School of Expression will Give a Play in Ocala

The Columbia School of Expression of Columbia College, Lake City, will present "Billy's Bungalow," a comedy in three acts, at the Temple theater in Ocala, sometime within the next two weeks. The exact date will be announced later.

The scene is laid at Billy's new bungalow, on Cedar Island, where "Billy Middleton" and his wife, "Peggy," who have been married only three months, are giving a house party to a crowd of jolly young folks.

Among those invited are: Miss Kitty Campbell, the little flirt, not "out" yet—(Miss Thelma Schell).

Miss Dorothy French, a rich American girl, Peggy's sister—(Miss Emma Williams).

Theodore Thurston, Billy's friend—(Mr. Landis Blitch).

Gordon Middleton, a college chap—(Mr. William Collier).

Miss Laura Cauldwell, the unexpected guest—(Miss Rosalie Swandbe).

Col. George VarPer, from Washington—(Mr. Loomis Blitch).

The Hon. Francis Fairweather Spaulding, engaged to Miss French—(Mr. Homer Howard).

There are many amusing episodes which take place during the house party, and the situations are both serious and ludicrous, and the climax is extremely effective.

Professor Irvin, who has the chair of French, Greek and German in Columbia College, plays the part of "Billy," builder of the bungalow, and Miss Edna Albritton as "Peggy" is quite a charming hostess.

## HOUSEKEEPER WANTED

A middle aged man with four young daughters wishes a steady, middle-aged white woman who can give best of references to keep house for him. She would be required to do the house work with the assistance of the girls, who attend school. A good home for the right woman. Do not reply to this advertisement unless you would care to keep the position permanently. If interested, write to G. L. Chandler, 610 Palm Avenue, Miami, Florida, or inquire at the Star office for particulars. 11-19-tf-d&w

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# The Diamond From the Sky

By ROY L. MCCARDELL

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(Continued from Yesterday)

## CHAPTER XL

**I**N the Hands of Drug Trugs. FROM a millionaire's luxurious library to the wild outdoors is a distance that may be bridged quickly by thought. But the soul stragglers who plot for a fortune and the diamond from the sky have no thought of a rude campfire in the woods not twenty miles from where the man whose means, mind and heart happiness they plot against was injured and by those injuries placed helpless in their hands.

But by the rude campfire are two

paste spattered, overall clad circus bill-

posters, and they are pertinent to the



Durand and his Jackal, the Dapper Count de Vaux.

plotters in the shattered man's library in Los Angeles, for they, though they do not know it now, are nearer to at least one great object for which the plotters seek to strangle a soul—the diamond from the sky.

The diamond lies unnoticed since early forenoon on the alighting board of one of the many beehives in the apiary of Rancher Jones. It lies where his little three-year-old daughter dropped it when a testy bee had stung her after she had found the diamond beneath the rock where Smythe had put it.

Where the billposters are camped in the woods beneath a great dead tree is not 500 yards from the bee yard or apiary of Rancher Jones. For some days the billposters with their wagons and paraphernalia have made the straggling barns and wayside boardings of this thinly settled region blossom gaudily with the bills announcing the appearances of Santley's Stupendous Circus. The circus is playing the towns and cities large enough to meet the requirements of what its proprietor calls "a regular show." Santley's Stupendous Circus is a regular show, and if it is too big to play small places such as Mammoth and vicinity, yet Mammoth and vicinity are apprised of

it. "What the excitement? What's hiding there?" asks Jack Williams suspiciously. "Burk brings the chain and locket into view. 'Somepin I found,' he answers. 'Think it's worth anything? Suppose it was a real diamond and as big as that?'"

Williams takes it and examines it scornfully. "A diamond that size?" he asks. "You're daffy! They ain't made that big. It's what the fake jewelry guys call 'a piece of big slum!'"

"But there's nothing cheap looking about it. That chain ain't brass no the locket, either," says Burk.

"Let's give it the acid test," remarks Williams, and, going over to the wagon, he removes a piece of glass from one of the sides of their large, square lantern.

The uppermost facet of the stone in the locket is drawn down across the glass. A low, gritting, slightly hissing sound follows. The amateur lapidary bends the deeply scratched plane of glass. It severs clear and straight along the line of the deep scratch. The billposters have found and now possess the diamond from the sky: They stare at it dumfounded. Then Williams says hoarsely. "It's a real diamond! We're rich men, Ben!"

With an oath Burk snatches the chain and diamond from the shaking hands of Williams.

"We? You ain't got no claim on it!" he cries, with hoarse greediness. "Who found it? Did you? Naw! I found it, and it's mine, and I don't have to share with nobody!"

"Well, keep it, you hog!" cries the other. "There's lots of junk will cut glass. I have been good enough pal to you when you were sick and broke and against it, and if it is worth anything I suppose you are yellow dog enough to hog it all! But this shows me just what you are. And if it's

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place, of show and day and date. It has been the duty of the two billposters, camped here beneath the dead tree in the woods, to make the wilderness blossom like the rose with the eye astounding posters of Santley's Stupendous Circus.

Their fire has been slow in starting, but now it burns well. As the billposter who is called Jack Williams bestirs himself to mix some pancake flour, the billposter whose name is Ben Burk fumes over the fire and sheds a few tears and wipes his eyes from the acid smoke of the newly started fire. And night comes quickly in California. It is daylight and then dusk and then dark. And far off on the other side of the hill Lawyer Smythe of London has lost his way and walks in a circle, seeking shelter.

"There is no sirup," says the billposter named Burk, as he searches among the dirty tins of the larder and holds the sirup can and shakes it by a doubting ear. "I told you not to make flapjacks!"

"What's your kick about molasses, bo?" asks the pancake expert, turning from the whitish mass he is stirring. "Didn't we pass a bee yard not a quarter of a mile down the road?"

The other looks disgusted.

"I should think you'd be sick of cooking and stirring paste to sling up hills with all day without mixing and cooking paste to eat at night!" he grumbles.

"Beat it! Make yourself useful and go and get some honey. We got lots of time before we have a fire hot enough for flapjacks," says the other. "If I do not cook flapjacks you won't have anything to eat but bacon; the bread's all gone. Close your trap and go and swipe some honey. When I saw those beehives I got to thinking of flapjacks and honey. Anyway, I've got to go for water for coffee. It's almost as far for water as it is for honey. Beat it!"

So the billposter named Burk, still grumbling, takes plate and knife as he is bid and moves off in the darkness to rifle the sweet store of the busy bees beyond.

The moon shines vaguely just above the sky line. Its dim light barely throws a shadow as Burk skulks across the field after coming out of the wood and enters the rancher's bee yard. He rocks an occasional hive as he passes and the murmur of disturbed bees sounds dully from within them. He pauses at last by one that rocks with heavier resistance, and he is about to lift the cap piece when something gleams opalescent in the moonlight on the alighting board of the rocking hive. Burk stoops over and picks it up. In the dim light from the moon he sees it is a curious large locket attached to a curious chain of dull old gold of ancient workmanship. But the face of the locket is what has gleamed beneath the wan moon rays.

Burk gasps at the sight of it. Was ever a diamond of such a size? Burk is a billposter and knows little of diamonds. He cannot tell diamonds from paste, perhaps, but he can tell paste from diamonds. "I wonder if it's a fake?" he gasps. "Why, a piece of ice this size would be worth some money!"

Then, as if prompted by some old burlesque buffoonery, he holds the shining object against his moistened tongue. "Anyway, it ain't alum," he says. Burk, the billposter, knows alum. It is used in paste. The great white stone gleams so brightly as the moon's light strengthens that the rough billposter is half convinced.

"Oh, Lord! Suppose it was a real diamond?" he whispers hoarsely. And he forgets that he has dropped the plate and knife and is unconsciously wandering away from the hives and honey.

When he reaches the fire beneath the dead tree he notices his partner is absent. He holds the locket in the fire-light and is rewarded by a blazing dazzle, reflecting the crimson glare of the flames from the forested stone as large as an English walnut. Then he hears a step behind him and springs guiltily to his feet. It is Jack Williams, back from the spring with a pail of water for their coffee.

"What's the excitement? What's hiding there?" asks Jack Williams suspiciously.

Burk brings the chain and locket into view. "Somepin I found," he answers. "Think it's worth anything? Suppose it was a real diamond and as big as that?"

Williams takes it and examines it scornfully. "A diamond that size?" he asks. "You're daffy! They ain't made that big. It's what the fake jewelry guys call 'a piece of big slum!'"

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worth ten pins or ten millions I want no part of it, you dirty, cheap four flusher and sneaking swine!"

And they make no coffee and cook no cakes nor bite nor sup with each other, but with hurried and greed in their hearts they lie for the last time blanketed side by side. One of them clutches the jewel of murder and dissension and the other cannot sleep for an aching anguish to wrest it from the wretched man who found it.

In the library of the Powell mansion in far Los Angeles the soul stragglers speak of the diamond from the sky and wonder when it will come into their greedy hands.

"I came out here to get the diamond," says Durant. "It will turn up; it always does. Meanwhile here are fat pickings. You," and he turned to Blair, "get everything in your hands at the office that this poor boob upstairs has. I will take care that if he ever recovers in mind or body he will never cause us any trouble. Once morphine gets them, that's the end. We will have him lie down, sit up, roll over and play dead—just as we say. Talk of black magic; it's nothing to white magic—morphine sulphate!"

And Durant held up a phial with a red label, in which some small white tablets rattled.

Blair, who had been fretting and fuming in sulky silence, now sprang to his feet, his face contorted with anger and disgust.

"I do not claim to be a saint. I hate Arthur Stanley, and I have always hated him. He stands in my way. But I will have no part in murdering his manhood with drugs—feeding him slow poison of body, soul and mind, with smiling faces. I spit on you all!"

And Blair glared menacingly at both Durant and De Vaux as though to spring upon them.

"Yes, a fine bunch of cold blooded, cowardly murderers for money, you two are!" hissed Blair as Durant and De Vaux regarded him in silent amazement.

"And as for you!"—and Blair turned upon Vivian in her nurse's garb and seized her by the wrist—"take off this masquerade! Let us kick out these vermin, and when Arthur is well and strong I'll kill him, like a southern man kills his enemy—man to man and face to face!"

"You are a fine one to spout heroics!" sneered Vivian. "Do you forget?"

Then Vivian checked herself, for though she sneered, she admired Blair. He was a man for all his congenial perversity. She had no intention of taunting him now for his having murdered a weak old man—Dr. Lee—for the diamond from the sky.

Vivian reflected that even this guilt of Blair's was a crime of sudden passion for possession of the diamond and panic at detection in the theft. After all, it was not the cold, insidious, slow murder—the strangling of a soul—the others purposed. Her face softened, a look of admiration came into her eyes, she threw her arms around Blair and kissed him passionately. Durant and De Vaux slipped from the room, and Vivian held Blair in her embrace and worked him to her will.

But his heart never was in the dastard work the drug thugs planned and carried through.

In the wilderness, twenty miles from the mining town of Mammoth, two men slept in blankets beneath a dead tree, burning at its base. Not far away the English lawyer, footsore from his wanderings, had crunched in slumber beneath the shelter of a bush. In the night bird and beast prey one upon another, even as does man. An owl drew from the bush. Some furry marauder of the night pursued it. The worn Englishman awoke and fled in panic.

Beneath the dead tree Jack Williams woke from his fitful dreams of the diamond and the desire that obsessed him for it. He saw the great dead tree was burned almost through at the bottom and watered. It was on his lips to scream a warning to his sleeping comrade—but the diamond!

There was a crackle, a tearing sound—and then the great dead tree bent over and crashed down, crushing the sleeping man beneath it. A shower of sparks rose in the air from the ruptured base where the fire had eaten until the tree had fallen.

Ere yet his writhing comrade died, Williams had despoiled him of the diamond from the sky, crushed against the breast by the fallen tree. Then with trembling hands the murderer for such he was, hatched the horse to the wagon and drove off in the night, holding the hateful diamond ever and anon in the light of the lantern on the stanchion by the wagon seat.

Marmaduke Smythe of London, legal representative of the Earls of Stanley, ran in panic through the woods. His flight was arrested by a dead tree across his path. The base of this fallen tree burned and smoldered. Smythe looked down over it in the moonlight to see the upturned, contorted face of a dead man—another who had gained in life and lost in death the diamond from the sky.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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